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No double crowns beneath the cross are on thy hues unfurled,  
Such as the Prophet Pilot led toward the sunset world ;  
No artist's vision, circlet-crowned, such as with knightly pride  
Old Balboa threw upon the air o'er the Pacific tide.

Not e'en St. George's cross is there that led the Mayflower on,  
Nor old St. Andrew's cross of faith — the double cross is gone.  
The peaceful bugles blow and blow across time's silver sea,  
What is thy meaning, O thou flag, this day of jubilee ?

Flag of the sun that shines for all,

Flag of the breeze that blows for all,

Flag of the sea that flows for all,

Flag of the school that stands for all,

Flag of the people, one and all —

What is thy meaning in the air ? O banner, answer me.

O children of the States, yon flag more happy lustres deck  
Than oriflammes of old Navarre, of Cr  ssy or Rosebeq.  
The Covenanters' field of blue, caught from the clear sky, see,  
And Lyra's burning stars of peace and endless unity.

The morning beams across it stream in roses red and white,

As though 'twere outward rolled from heaven by angels of the  
light.

All hail to thee, celestial flag, on this prophetic day !

That mingles with the light of heaven the morn's eternal ray.

The peaceful bugles blow and blow across the inland sea,

And speakest thou to every soul the great world's jubilee.

Flag of the sun that shines for all,

Flag of the breeze that blows for all,

Flag of the sea that flows for all,

Flag of the school that stands for all,

Flag of the people, one and all—

What is thy meaning in the air ? O banner, answer me !

### III.

Flag of the battlefields, with pride beneath thy folds I stand,  
While gyveless freedom lifts to thee her choral trumpets grand.  
Thou stand'st for Monmouth's march of fire, for Trenton's lines of  
flame,

For rippling Eutaw's field of blood, for Yorktown's endless fame ;

For Cape de Gatt, and fierce Algiers, and Perry's blood-red  
deck,

For Vera Cruz, and Monterey, and white Chapultepec ;

Thou stand'st for Sumter's broken wall, as high above Tybee

The shouting forts uplift again the stars of unity ;

Thou stand'st that all the rights of men may every people bless,

And God's own kingdom walk the world in peace and righteous-  
ness.

The silver bugles blow and blow across time's silver sea,

And so thou speak'st to every soul this day of jubilee.

Flag of the sun that shines for all,

Flag of the breeze that blows for all,

Flag of the sea that flows for all,

Flag of the school that stands for all,

Flag of the people, one and all —

What is thy meaning in the air ? O banner, answer me !

### IV.

The flag of peace, O liberty, peace follows hard thy feet,  
They fought for peace who fought for thee, and we their work  
- complete.

War folds her tent ; humanity unites the races, and for thee,

O youth, the silver bugles blow through yon White City by the  
sea,

Where float for peace all banners free !

Achievement nobler fields commands than Charlemagne swept or

Bayard won —

The future education rules,

Peace beckons thee with lifted hands

Upon the hilltops of the sun,

To border every flag with white for Time's new pinnacles of light ;

To lead the armies of the arts, to lead the armies of the schools

To final victory.

Halt, young Knights, halt ! reverse, and go

The Knights of God, with fronts aglow,

From yon White City of the sea,

Into the century supreme,

Fulfilling Prayer and Prophecy,

And every bard's and hero's dream !

O, my America ! whose flag Peace thrones amid the sky,

Beneath whose folds 'tis life to live and noblest death to die ;

I hear the morning bugles blow across the silver sea,

And bless my God my palace stands a cottage home in thee !

So speak the voices of the Past, ye children of the land,

Behind us thrice a hundred years, before a thousand grand,

Such are the legends of yon flag that gladdens land and sea,

Such is the Hand that scrolls the air this day of jubilee !

Flag of the sun that shines for all,

Flag of the breeze that blows for all,

Flag of the sea that flows for all,

Flag of the school that stands for all,

Flag of the people, one and all—

The flag that leads the march of Peace,

Youth ! — lead the age to come !

### MATABELELAND.

The *Herald of Peace and Arbitration*, speaking of the war in South Africa, remarks : — " It is to the credit of the Home Government, as represented by the Marquis of Ripon, Secretary for the Colonies, and Mr. Sydney C. Buxton, M.P., Under-Secretary, that they made earnest efforts to prevent this country from being ' rushed into another African War ' (to use Mr. Buxton's own expression), and urged the English authorities in Bechuanaland and the Company's officers in Mashonaland and Matabeleland to avoid hostilities if possible. For this sensible and pacific course of action, they were roundly abused by several Jingoistic journals in England.

" But even in view of the hostilities which have ensued, the friends of Peace may at least accept it as a significant proof of the spread of their own views, and of the extension of their influence, that the English Government, in this as in other recent instances, manifested a far more patient and pacific spirit than used to be the fashion in the old bellicose and bumptious Palmerstonian days. For it was then the too general fashion of the Home Government to acquiesce readily in attacks upon native tribes, however unjust and unwarrantable. Things are much improved in this respect, thanks to the persevering advocacy of international justice by the friends of Peace. And so far as lay in their power, Lord Ripon and his colleagues were evidently anxious to restrain the ' fire-eating party ' amongst the South African whites."